THE FORCE IS TOO BUSY JUST NOW TO ATTEND TO BUSINESS.

Man Got to Watch the Bosses and Put Un Jobs on the Shoo-Fly Roundsman-A Man Who Can't Bother with the Sick and Wounded, and Who Requires Free Beer. "Hey! Hey! Wait a minute!" Inasmuch as it was a policeman who called, the reporter, who was the only other person in sight on the street, stopped. The policeman sauntered along. tucking his club easily under his left arm. "In a hurry, Doc!" he asked. The reporter had forgotten for the moment that he had just come rom the door of a hospital, and did not perceive that the policeman took him for a physician. 'Doc' seemed no more at the moment than a non-committal word of greeting. So he said, in answer to the policeman's question, that he was not in a hurry—that, in fact, he was through work for the night. It was Saturday night, in-

teenth street. Tired, ain t you!" asked the policeman,

cidentally, and the place-well, the place was

as far from Fifth avenue as it was from Four-

"I am," said the reporter.
"Woll, say, if it wasn't for us coppers," said
the blue-coat, "you'd be a sight more tired. How ! Why, say man, many and many a night you've had eight hours sleep when you wouldn't have had two hours if it hadn't been for me. How! Why, how do you think! By chasing

the bums away before they get to you."

Still the reporter did not catch the idea that the policeman believed himself to be talking to a hospital surgeon. He did not understand, and

The policeman had been drinking. This was evident from the odor of liquor surrounding him. Perhaps that was why he did not receive the reporter's mental sluggishness with tactful

"Say, you," he said with some heat, "are you dopey or are you sore or are you kidding!"
Without waiting for a reply or lessening the degree of righteous indignation in his tone, he went on: "Why, say, I've chased six to-night if I have chased one. There's one of them now, if you don't believe me." He pointed to a figure leaning dejectedly against an iron fence near an electric light, four blocks away. "He came down here just now on a half trot, or, rather, he was trotting with one leg and dragging the other behind. I was up Steenth street a ways when I saw him crossing the avenue. Had to run to catch him.

'Here, you,' I says, 'where you going t' "'Hospital,' says he, faking up a groan. 'Help me, officer, for God's sake. I'm going to faint." 'Aber nit, says L 'Go on back where you came from. The hospital is closed. ''Oh don't,' he hollers, faking up more groans, 'don't, please. Let me go to the hos-

With that I grabbed him by the arm and I swung him to face the way he came from. He was a mulish, determined case. He fell down all in a heap, yelling 'Oh!' like that; 'Oh, Oh, I

can't go a step further.'
"'Hell, you can't!' says I, and I swiped him
one with the night stick across the feet, so. He

"'Hell, you can'ti' says I, and I swiped him one with the night stick across the feet, so. He got up fast enough.

"'Now,' says I, 'go on.' He didn't go. I fetched him one with me boot. He feil down again. Now, I'm just as patient and kind hearted as a woman. But that took all the patience I had right out of me. There wasn't anybody in sight, and I just felt the time had come to do some extreme measure. Honest, man, he rose up into the air asi fice had been lifted by dynamite, and when he came down he was travelling up the street like the whole force was after him; faster than he came. Where he had at first been running with one leg and dragging the other, going away he was running with both and limping with both. It was funny as a story in a comic paper. He was crying and hollering like Peter Conlin after a board meeting. What with the blood spots trailing him you might have thought he was wetting down the pavement with tears.

"Well, that's one. Just before him there was a big stiff came down here, a longshoreman with his blue jumper wrapped around his head, and soaking with blood. I held him up.

"Wh'red you come from i' says I. 'Pier Blankety Blank, Northeast River,' says he. [The policeman named a definite pier at a definite river,' Why'nt you go to [the policeman named a hospital nearer the pier than the one in the shadow of which he stood.]

"The copper ran me away, says he.

"So you come here,' says I, with a cut in

named a nospital nearer the pier than the she in the shadow of which he stood.]

"The copper ran me away, says he.

"So you come here, says 1, 'with a cut in your head that it would take a doctor an hour to sew up. Get out,' says I, 'its Saturday night, and the doctors is tired enough without being pulled out of bed for you and the results of your disorderly intoxication. Go on!

"And I gave him a belt behind to help him alons."

along."
The reporter began to understand the policeman's misapprehension. He permitted himself, however, to ask one more question.
"How many do you turn away in a night!"
"From three to twelve," he said. "But lately they have been going around me. The man over there [pointing to the north] stops them up just as short as I do. Over on that beat [to the southeast] there is a new man. They get by him easy. So If you get waked up too often, doctor, you know whose fault it is."
"Say," said the reporter, "you have made a "Say," said the reporter, "you have made a mistake. I am not a doctor; I am a reporter."

mistake. I am not a doctor; I am a reporter.

For a moment the policeman rubbed his chin,
dunfounded. Then he decided to throw himself on the mercy of his interviewer.

"I might a' known," he said, "if I'd 'a'
thought. Well, there ain't any hard feelings
any way, is there I'

He was assured that there were not.

"Come have a drink," he said. On the
way down the street he talked about things.
lie said that he had been seven years a policeman. He had never been before the board on a
serious charge.

man. He had never been before the board on a serious charge.
"Individually," he said, "the present administration of this police force is a pipe. It is elegant, it is soft. But as a police officer, it's awful, it's enough to make ex-inspector Alexander S. Williams cry, let alone a scared old woman like Pete Conlin."

By this time the front door of a saloon had been reached. A girl about 10 years old was sitting on the door step, waiting for a pall of beer which the bartender, a heavy German, was bringing to her. She took the pail, buried her nose in it for a moment, then whoed foam from her face.

her face.

"If I don't take it now, b'gee, I won't get it at all," she said in pert explanation. The policeman poked her with his night stick.

"Go to beil, you stiff, and lemme alone," she snarled, and went away switching her shoulders and swinging the pall of beer. The policeman and the barkeeper laughed.

"Say, Dutchy, you bald-headed tub of alops, you're violating the law."

"How do I wiolate der law, hey?" asked the German.

German.

Leaving a copper and a friend stand in front

Leaving a copper and a friend stand in front

saloon for five minutes without asking we'll have to drink. Ain't that violation

what we'll have to drink. Ain't that violation enough?

There was a profane and vulgar argument here. It was apparent that the saloon man thought that the policeman was sufficiently intoxicated already. He feared the officer's condition would be traced back to him. Moreover, he did not view with approval the presence of the stranger. When the policeman's tone changed from that of good-natured rallying to peremptory demand the drinks were brought at onco. The policeman took his glass of beer and led the way to the circular shadow about the foot of an electric light pole.

"There are shoo-fly Central Office roundsmen at large," he said, with a grin, "and some of them know enough to know that it sin't quite right for a patrolinan in uniform to drink beer in the middle of the street. Them that are most intelligent do. But they can't tella copper here under an electric lamp pole if he has his belinet under his arm 50. The shadow covers him like he was in a tent.

"But say, wouldn't you laugh at Conlin's

under his arm 50. The shadow covers him like he was in a tent.

"But say, wouldn't you laugh at Conlin's shoofly roundamen. The papers is just getting on, but the coppers have been on for a long time. Why, two of them came down through here the other day. They was in plain ciothes, but a sixweeks-old child would have been on.

"Will you please to inform me,' says one of them, innocent as a bottle of carbolic acid,' where Klinberly avenue is!"

Meanwhile, the other one had been smelling at my breath, with his nose up into air like this. I'd been eating onions, and I let him have it strong. Hope he was satisfied. Then I commenced to tell them how to get to Kimberly avenue. Polite! I was a wonder! You would a thought I was talking to the President of the United States and the Prince of Whales. Finally I says to them, I says:

"I would take you on the way, gontlemen, and see you started right for fair, but it would take me off my beat, and I couldn't really do that, I says. The Captain is very strict about that.

"With that they went on, looking wise and

that. I says. 'The Captain is very strict about that.'

With that they went on, looking wise and proud of their sneaking job. And I was like to strain my hoart to keep from laughing. For the good God knows I was a two blocks off my beat at the time. I tell you the honest-to-God truth. We ain't patrolling the streets any more, nor keeping the peace, nor preventing nor punishing crime. We are too busy watching the bosess. There's no time for anything else in the department now. The city can go to blazes. They don't care, so long as they can catch us atling to report a dead cat, or smoking a cigarcite, or stopping on the street to sheak to a friend. Men who never haid a burglary or an assault on their beats that got away from them are being fined five and ten days' pay, for what I tor nothing.

for nothing.

"Do I blame Allen in the Fifth precinct for going crary drunk and assaulting citizens in the street. Yes, I do. But I can easy see how he did it. He went just a little bit too far. If he had behaved and kept in decent bounds like I do. and like half the other men on the force, no-bedy would have bothered him. Do the Captains

know what is going on 1 Do you think they are insane or idiotic? Of course, they do. They are too busy watching the bosses. Besides, as things are now, they want no man's all will. A man can't have too many friends nowadays."

The beer was finished by this time. The policeman took the glasses to the step and set them down.

"Who pays for this?" said the barkceper from the deer.

"Who pays for this f" said the barkceper from the door.
"My friend, here, don't," said the officer, "for it's my treat. And I don't; that's certain. Chase yourself around the block, Dutchy, and perhaps you'll catch the man who pays for it.
"If you don't believe all I tell you," he said, turning away, "come with me a ways down — street.

He took the reporter to a busier street, three blocks away. Another policeman was in front of a lemonade stand in the middle of the block. The two went to him. He was filling a two-quart pail with lemonade. The lemonade merchant stood back against the wall in sullon wrath. The despoiler emptied the entire contents of the glass sugar bowl on the stand into the pail.
"I like mine sweet," he said, and, pail in hand,

the pail.
"I like mine sweet," he said, and, pail in hand,
turned to the man with the reporter. "Hello,
Billy," he said, "you're late."
I prought a friend, "said Billy. "He's all

"I brought a friend," said Billy. "He's all right."
The three went to a corner that was rather dark and untravelled. They found there still another policeman. He had two paper bags; one was filled with peaches and another with pears. They "grew on his farm," he said. He also said that "the rounds" would be along presently. Ordinarily the announcement of the approach of a roundsman would have broken up such a gathering. But no one except the reporter was startled. Soon the roundsman did appear. He had a rectangular bundle under his arm, When opened it disclosed two dozen hot breakfast rolls.

For an hour, apparently, undisturbed by fear.

When opened it disclosed two dozen hot break-fast rolls.

For an hour, apparently undisturbed by fear of discipline and certainly untroubled by con-science, they muched and talked. At least two of them were half drunk. Their talk was a repetition of what the reporter had already been told, mingled with praise and respect for their Captain. They would work for him, they said, if it would do them or him any good, but just now it was not worth while.

MRS. MONUTTIO'S JEWELS FOUND. The Expressmen Arrested for Stealing Them

If Mrs. Domingo Monuytio, the Cuban woma who mislaid a silk handbag containing \$3,500 worth of diamond jewelry on Saturday, had taken the trouble to make a thorough search of her apartments before telling the police she had been robbed, she would have saved three honest. hard-working men the ignominy of a night in the station house and a morning in a prison per the station house and a morning in a prison pen with a lot of criminals for companions. Mrs. Monuytio, as told in The Sun yesterday morning, arrived in this city on Saturday from Cuba, where she has been living. She went straight to the house of a Mrs. Valdes, at 401 Sixth avenue, where she had engaged rooms, and left the transferring of her baggage to a representative of Mooney's express. The baggage was duly delivered, and Mrs. Monuytio proceeded to unpack. She scatt, ed her things about the rooms and emptied the last trunk, without finding her silk bag containing the jewelry. She made a hasty examination of the rooms and, not finding the bag, notified the police. Detective Hunt of the West Thirtisth street station got a description of the men who had moved the baggage, and, going to the Ward line pier, arrested them. The men were Frank Gillen of 98 Greenwich street, William Flynn of 45 Washington street, and John Jackson, a helper. They all protested their innoceace, and their employer, Expressman Mooney, declared that it was impossible that they were guity. They had all worked for him a long time, he said, and had frequently had chances to steal more valuable articles than Mrs. Monuytio's diamonds. Despite all this the men were lugged off to the station house and locked up for the night.

Yesterday morning Detective Hunt went to 401 Sixth avenue to get Mrs. Monuytio to appear at the Jefferson Market Police Court. The woman told the detective that there was no need of her going.

"I have found the jewelry," she said. "This morning while dressing I dropped my waist to the floor. Stooping to pick it up, I saw my silk hag under the sofa. I took it out and all my diamonds were there."

"None missing at all i inquired the detective."

"None missing at all i' inquired the detective." with a lot of criminals for companions. Mrs.

None missing at all ' inquired the detective.
"None," said Mrs. Monuytio. "I must have kicked the bag under the sofa when I was unpacking yesterday."
When Magistrate Cornell heard Detective Hunt's report yesterday he said to the men at the bar:

the bar:
"You are all honorably discharged. You are
the victims of the worst carelessness I ever
heard of. I am sincerely sorry for you, and if
this case ever comes up against you come to me
and I will give you a written explanation of it."

COURT CLOSED AT 10 A. M. Prisoner Consequently Rept Locked Up When She Night Have Been Free.

At 5 o'clock yesterday morning Policeman Hughes of the Tenderloin station arrested a young woman for intoxication at Broadway and Fortieth street. When the prisoper was taken Brown, 22 years old, of 1451 Broadway,

After being in a cell half an hour, Miss Brown sobered up and began to cry. She said she was a respectable girl, and that she had accidentally drifted into the Tenderloin on Saturday night She added that she did not live in the city, and that she had given a false address. She begged the matron to use influence in having her case brought into court as quickly as possible, so that "the folks at home" might not hear of her ar-

rest.
At 10 o'clock Policeman Hughes started with
his prisoner for the Jefferson Market Police
Court. Shortly after he returned with her to
the station house.
"What does this mean?" asked the sergeant

"What does this mean?" asked the sergeant on duty.

"The court's locked up," answered Hughes.
"That's a queer state of affairs," remarked the sergeant. "This prisoner is entitled to an examination before a police Magfatrate, but under the circumstances the only thing for me to do is to lock her up for snother twenty-four hours."

do is to lock her up for another twenty-four hours."

As the prisoner was led back to the cell room she began to cry and became hysterical.

"This is an outrage," she declared. "I have money enough to pay a fine or a lawyer's fee, and I'll make some one sorry for keeping me here. I'll bring a civil suit against the Judge who locked up his court."

All day the girl sat in the station house cell weeping and bemoaning her fate. At 7 o'clock she sent a messenger out to get some one to go her bail. The messenger found a man who was willing to furnish a bond providing he was paid for his trouble. The girl paid him, and at 8 o'clock she was released.

COP CLUBS A CONSUMPTIVE. Experience of Two Brothers While Trying to

Morris and Louis Lippman, brothers, of 90 Division street, were arrested Saturday night by Policeman Susselman of the Madison street station for refusing to go into their house when ordered and using abusive language to the policeman. They were bailed out shortly after their arrest. When the cases came up in the Essex Market Court yesterday, Morris Lippman said that his brother was not able to appear on account of the clubbing he received from the po liceman. He produced a certificate to that effect

liceman. He produced a certificate to that effect from Dr. P. A. Seigelstein of 35 Rivington street.

Lappman told Magistrate Meade that while he and his brother, who is a consumptive, were on the sidewalk in front of their house on Saturday night trying to get cool. Policeman Susselman came along on the other side of the street. He crossed over to where the brothers were standing, which is in another precinct, Division street being the dividing line between the Eldridge street and Maslison street stations. According to Lippman, when they refused to go inside the policeman drew his club and beat both of them about the head and back. The consumptive brother, according to Morris Lippman, received most of the blows.

The policeman denied the story and said that he used no more force than was necessary.

he used no more force than was necessary Magistrate Meade continued the case until as investigation could be made.

DEAR CIGARETTES.

Three-fifths of a Cent a Package, the Whole sale Advance. Becomes Five Cents at Retail.

The advance in the wholesale price of cigarettes has led some of the retailers to poke up the price to the consumer out of all reason. The American Tobacco Company, where it has increased its price to the jobbers, has done so to the extent of 30 cents a thousand, or three-fifths of a cent on a package of twenty cigarcites, some retailers are now charging 15 cents a package instead of 10 cents, while others are charging 12 cents and 14 cents. Several of the tobacco stores and restaurants in the Tenderloin, where cigarcities are sold, are charging these prices. When asked why they do it, they reply:

reply:
"Oh, the trust has put up the price on us."

LIGHTNING FIRED THE CARPET! Police Boubt Mary Alchoison's Story of the Blaze in Her Room.

There was a slight fire in the room of Mary Nicholson, a servant in the house of Milton Smith at 41 West 130th street, last evening. Mary told the firemen that lightning entered the room and set the carpet afire. The firemen doubt this. They think that Mary accidentally dropped a piece of burning paper on the carpet and doesn't want to own up.

inr Lights-Stages Instead of Trolleys-A Thunderstorm Complicates Conditions, but To-Xight Everything Will Re as Usual. PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 15,-Darkness holds this city to-night. As yet the men who are digging at the coal which fell and buried the Edison Electric Company's bollers yesterday afternoon have not reached bottom, and there isn't an electric light going in the place. Save where a railroad lantern flashes or an out-of-date street gas lamp sheds a glimmering ray, or a gas-lit store front spreads a space of light on the sidewalk, everything is blackness. The business streets are like alleyways. The side streets are like tunnels. Gangs of youths march about the streets singing an improvised ditty, the refrain of which is:

There'll be a dark time in the old town To night.

But if there was lack of electric light on the earth there was a superabundance in the heavens, enough to light up fifty Patersons. Such a thunder storm as has been raging here hasn't come this way for several years. It was one long flicker of blinding radiance, with the intervals between the flashes so short that the proportion of light to darkness seemed to be in favor of the former. Now and again a jagged spear of the electric fluid would dart down through the sheets of light, and then would come a stunning report that shook the world under foot. So furious was the rain that nobody ventured forth while the storm lasted. For an hour, therefore the darkness of the town made little difference one way or the other.

But when the downpour tailed off into a

gentle rain the 500 persons who, having come in on trains, were stormbound in the stations. found themselves in an unpleasant plight. Not alone has the accident deprived the city of its normal light, but it has also rendered null its chief method of transportation by shutting off the trolley power. Therefore the crowds walked, all but a few, who being forehanded hired the waiting livery rigs at advanced rates and got home in that way. In the most part the crowd walked in groups, and where one or two persons turned off into a black side street they generally exhibited symptoms of haste. There was a prevalent feeling of distrust in the air which a SUN reporter encountered in passing through one of the side streets which go into Main street. It was a particularly dark street, with one feeble gas lamp at one end. The reporter had walked but a few rods when, by a flash of lightning, he saw a man approaching from the opposite direction. The man promptly stepped behind a tree which was not reassuring. As a matter of caution the reporter did likewise. Presently a voice came from behind the l'aterson man's tree:

"Hey, there!" "What do you want!" asked the reporter, wondering whether it would be watch or money. What do you want I" inquired the voice, emphasizing the pronoun.

"Nothing," replied the reporter, meekly. "Look out, then. I've got a gun."
"I haven't," said the reporter, regretfully.

"Why haven't you, if you're an honest man?" demanded the other, with asperity. The reporter explained that he was a stranger, and didn't know he was going West in time to arm himself. Reassured, the Paterson man came forward and explained that under the cir-

came forward and explained that under the circumstances precautions were necessary.

"I'm on my way home from church," he explained, "and before I went out I put my pistol
in my pocket. Since the lights went out there's
been the greatest hunting up of guns and lanterns
you ever saw. The family next te me turned
out to church three strong. The father carried
a loaded cane, the mother a lantern, and the son
a revolver. This town is more afraid of the dark
than a three-year-old kid, and the fear is contagious."

than a three-year-old kid, and the fear is contagious."

It is some relief to the citizens to know that the night force of police has been doubled, but the officers are not distinguishable from ordinary citizens or thieves ten feet away, and to come upon two of them loitering on a corner is something of a shock. The middle of the road was a very popular path here to-night.

"There haven't been any hold-ups yet," said one of the officers of whom the reporter made inquiry, "or, if there have, they haven't been reported. It is generally known that most of the men are going armed, and I suppose that is a sufficient check. But if we enforced the law against concealed weapons the police stations would be so crowded with prominent citizens that there wouldn't be any room left for the drunks."

that there wouldn't be any room sett for the drunks."

It was very different to-night from what it was last night. As soon as the news became known that an era of darkness was impending, that entire portion of the town between the ages of 16 and 40 tacitly agreed to regard the affair as a sort of picnic. Out they flocked upon the streets, mainly in pairs, and as it was a most girlous moonlight night, every shaded street and avenue looked as if an excursion party had taken possession of it.

The drug stores did the biggest soda water business in their history, and did it by lamp or candle light. Such stores as could get enough candle light. Such stores as could get enough lamps to forestall absolute blackness kept open,

The drug stores and the biggest soda water business in their history, and did it by lamp or candle light. Such stores as could get enough lamps to forestall absolute blackness kept open, and the saloons were veritably grottoes. Paterson hasn't had so merry a night for years.

One party that got the wreng end of the fun yesterday was the Paterson Ribbon Company's excursion. In the morning they went to Greenwood Lake, going to Singac by trolley, and thence over by train, and as nobody sent them word what had happened they set out to return it he same way. They reached Singac about 10 and waited for a trolley car. In fact, they waited for several trolley cars, and they kept on waiting, while the mosquitoes did their best to make matters cheerful with their merry song and dance. Singac is a very nice place, bat, after two hours there, the excursion decided that they had had enough of it. They had to go to Jersey City by train, and thence out here by another train. When they arrived at 2 A. M. they were in a frame of mind to wreek the trolley system had it not already been wrecked.

Early this morning the work of removing the stalled trolley cars began. Enough power was borrowed from the Newark system's wires to move the cars slowly, and they went creeping in an abashed manner into the car sheds, and were all out of sight by the time the people got up to walk to church. In the afternoon there was a ball game, to which the Newark line ran enough cars to accommodate the crowd, afterward taking the people back, but this was the only effort at schedule service. Stages were rigged up and run between some points, and furniture vans, soap boxes for seats, did a considerable business during the afternoon. But when night fell the traveller had to walk or hire a cab.

Since the coalbins gave way and buried the plant, gangs of men have been working constantly to exhume the big boilers. Fifty men, all that can profitably be put in the limited space, were at work all last night and to-day and will work all to-night. Temporary bi

THIS MOTHER WAS OBDURATED Would Not Allow Her Injured Child to Be

Taken to the Hospital. Two-year-old Max Jacobs fell from the thirdstory window of his home at 216 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, yesterday, and received a fracture of the left leg, concussion of the brain, probable fracture of the skull, and other in probable fracture of the same was summoned, but the boy's mother refused to let the child be removed to the hospital, although told that prompt surgical aid was necessary to save the child's life. Two dectors in the neighborhood undertook the care of the boy.

Vachts Tossed About at Narragansett. NABRAGANSETT PIER, R. L. Aug. 15 .- A heavy gale accompanied by two terrific thunder storms

swept over Narragansett Pier at noon to-day Two yachts, the Minerva, owned by J. E. Fletcher of Providence, and a smaller boats, were swept from their anchorage off the Casino out into the bay. The wind seemed to come from the east and the west at the same time. Capi. Allen, who was cruising off Boston Neck, just northeast of the Pier, was blown ashore in his sailboat and narrowly escaped drowning.

Widow of Gen. Fry Seriously Ill.

NEWPORT, R. L. Aug. 15 .- Mrs. Fry. the widow of Gen. James B. Fry, who died here two years ago, is seriously ill at her Kay street villa, and to-night fears that she will not recover re entertained. She is aged and was very eak when she arrived here from New York,

"TIRED JOHNNIE'S" CELL NAP. Priends Who West to Ball Him that Had to

John McNeill, 17 years old, of 320 West Seventeenth street, was arrested at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon by Policeman Scheffler of the Tenderioin squad on a charge of playing ball on Sunday. When he was locked up in the Tenderloin police station he proceeded to make him-self comfortable. He took off his white shirt, collar and necktie, and, removing his shoes, lay down on the cell cot, remarking to the station house doorman that he had been working for two nights and needed some sleep. The boy is known among his companions as "Tired Johnnie."

"It's a good thing I was arrested," said Me-Neill, "because I might have lost another night's sleep and got sick over it."

At 2 o'clock a crowd of the boy's friends arrived at the station house with a bondsman named Hogan. Sergeant Daly filled in the bond and Bondsman Hogan signed it. The Sergeaut told the doorman to bring the prisoner out. A minute later the doorman walked out to the desk and said:

desk and said:

"I can't stir bim, Sergeant; he's half asleep and don't want to be disturbed."

McNeill's friends were told to come back in a couple of hours. They returned at 4 o'clock. Again the prisoner was awakened.

"Let me alone," he said to the doorman; "I'm nearly dead with sleep, and I like it here all right." Again the prisoner's friends were told to call later. They returned to the station become

Again the prisoner strictions were told to call atter. They returned to the station house at 130 o'clock, but this time, the doorman was mable to awaken the boy. The bondsman and he crowd with him went away. Then Sergeant bit, who was about to go off duty, destroyed he bond. Daily, who was about to go off duty, destroyed the bond.

At 10 o'clock last night McNeill's friends again wisited the station house and saked to bail the boy out. Sergeant Tims, who was now on duty, explained that the bond that had been prepared had been distroyed.

"You'll have to hunt up the bondsman again and bring him here," said the Sergeant.

An hour later Bondsman Hogan appeared and balled out the sleepy baseball player, who walked out of the station house yawning.

BALL AND CRAIN NO RINDRANCE. Three Incorrigible Roys Make Their Escape

from Brooklyn's Disciplinary School. Edward Wemsley, a 14-year-old negro, and 12year-old Joseph Abbell, were caught in a bur glary adventure in Brooklyn about three weeks ago, the latest of their many similar exploits and were landed in the new disciplinary training school at Parkville, their parents having abandoned all hope of reforming them. They were soon joined at the institution by 11-year old Samuel Rows, said to be an incorrigible thief.

The boys became thurus, and within a week had placed two carefully planned but foiled at tempts to escape to their credit. The superintendent, with a view to checkmate further plots. fastened an iron bracelet, with a ball and chain

tendent, with a view to checkmate further plots, fastened an iron bracelet, with a ball and chain attached, around the leg of each of them just below the ankle. This they had to wear even when they were put to bed, but it did not prove a sufficient impediment to their successful flight from the institution on Saturday night.

Atout 8 o'clock, when the boys were returning from an airing preparatory to turning in for the night. Wemsley, Abbell and Rowe, who were separated from each other, made a simultaneous break from the ranks and ran direct to the most available spot in the fence for such an exploit, and had scaled it before the keepers could reach them. They were pursued for several blocks, but made their escape. Three hours later the three runaways were captured by a policeman in Livingston street, several miles from the scene of their adventure. The policeman found them sitting on a stoop, and their story that they were newsboys and waiting for the Brooklyn papers to come out might have imposed on him had they not all been bareheaded.

At the station house the bracelet was still attached to young Rowe's leg, and he admitted that he had got rid of the chain and ball by the use of a sharp stone. His companions had also relieved themselves of the bracelet and other attachments in the same way. The negro boy showed himself worthy of his credited leadership of the gang. He put on a bold front, declaring that the Parkville home was not strong enough to hold him, and that his next dash for liberty would not be a failure. His companions only blubbered. The boys spent the night under the watchful eyes of two guards at the headquarters of the Children's Society in Schemerhorn street, and yesterday morning were taken back to Parkville.

VENDETTA AT A GROWLER PARTY. A Bloody Fight the Result of an Italian's Attempt to Settle a Grudge.

Tony Carella, having a score to settle with his one-time friend Joseph Kenwick, descended into the latter's flat, on the third floor of the tenement at 557 West Thirty-fifth street, from his own, which is on the floor above, on Saturday night, armed with a jackknife and a razor. Renwick was entertaining some friends, and the can had made a number of trips to the corner saloon. The party was in a jovial mood, and Kenwick was almost ready to forget his differences with the intruder. He invited him to sit down and take his turn at the pail, while the guests slapped Carella on the back and told

him he was a good fellow. This did not change Carella's purpose, and when Kenwick advanced toward him to offer the can, Carolla whipped out his raror and made a slash at him. The razor cut a long gash in Kenwick's cheek, so he smashed Carella over the head with the can. Carella came at his man

head with the can. Carella came at his man with the razor again, and then the guests took a hand in the fight.

Grabbing whatever they could lay their hands on for weapons, they all made at Carella. They batted and banged him around the room, but they couldn't break his heid on Kenwick and the latier was gradually being carved into ribbons. Some one got the razor away from the Italian finally, and then the jackknife came into play. Carella simed most of his blows at Kenwick, but was obliged to turn his attention to the guests every now and then, when they pressed him too hard. When a policeman finally came, Carella waved his bloody knife in the air, gave a whoon, and jumping at the window of the air shaft, crashed through and fell to the ground floor. He was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Folice Court yesterday in a badly used up condition. Magistrate Cornell held him to await the result of Kenwick's injuries. Kenwick will recover. The other participants in the fray were not much hurt.

HELL GATE PICNIC STARTED LATE. One of the Harges Had a Hole in Her, and

They Watted Four Hours for Others. The excursion of the Hell Gate Republican Club of the Thirtieth Assembly district, which was scheduled to leave the pier at the foot of East Ninety-first street at 9:30 o'clock vester day morning, did not start until after 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The delay was caused by the the barge Nelson, that there was a hole three feet square in her bottom. Capt. T. L. Rush of the barge said she must have struck a rock at the lower end of Blackwell's Island while she was being towed up the East River with the barge Summer. The Captain of the steamer Blackbird declined to take her out with the excursion and two other barges were telephoned for. John P. Graham, Deputy Commissioner of Public Works, who is the leader of the club, was in a state of mind when the discovery was made. He waited until moon for the other barges to appear, and when they didn't come he announced that all of the excursionists that wanted their money back could have it. Many took advantage of the offer, but there was still a big enough crowd left to fill the barges when they finally arrived, and the excursion started for Sylvan Beach on the Kill van Kull. was being towed up the East River with the

Policeman Farrell to Receive a Life-Saver's Medal.

Policeman Joseph Farrell of the Bergen street station in Brooklyn will soon receive a life-saver's medal from the New York Humane life-saver's medal from the New York Humane Society. On Sunday, Aug. 8, while on special duty at Concy Island Crock, he saved two boys from being draward. While fishing in the creek, one of the love fell overloard end was caught on one of the spiles. The other boy jumped in to extricate him and both were nearly overcome, when Parreli plumed over-board and grabbing both boys held them fast until relief came.

Hoboken Trolley Car Crashes Into Baker's Wagon.

Samuel Satinsky, 48 years old, of 125 Prince street, Newark, was driving a baker's wagon on First street, Hoboken, yesterday morning, when trolley car 220 of the Jersey City, Hoboken and Rutherford Railway crashed into the rear of the wagon. Satinsky was thrown from his seat and severely hurr shout his back and right hip. He was removed to his home.

Villa Burned from a Lightning Stroke NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 15,-Lightning struck the Morrison villa in Middletown to-day, and the house was burned to the ground. The house was unoccupied. It was owned by W. H. Morrison of New York, and cost \$20,000.

A BRIDGE JUMPER FOILED.

ROOFER SCHULER'S ROAD TO FAME

Fired by the Reward Which Has Followed Successful Beal, or Alleged, Bridge Jump-ing, He Essayed to Leap from the Brooklyn Bridge-Was Prevented by a Friend Gus Schuler, a roofer of 409 Sixth street accompanied by Lewis Yost of 134 Allen street. started out to paint the town a hectic bue on Saturday night. Saloons and concert halls with out number were visited on the Howery. In their wake a trail of empty beer glasses re mained to mark their triumphant march. As each foaming glass of the golden fluid vanished Schuler's idea of his personal capabilities grew greater, and he longed for a chance which would

place his name on the ro'l of fame. coughed, finally pausing before a saloon over which hung a picture of the Brooklyn Bridge, with the name of the man who claimed the fame of having jumped from it, painted in large let ters.

Once inside and stationed behind "another," Schuler's brain began to work. Around him were dozens of ambition-stirring paintings and photographs. Many of them bore the signature of the original, written below the words, "Presented to the only bridge jumper. The unceasing click of coin and the thump of the bot tles upon the bar told how prosperity reigned supreme. Schuler's eyes bulged and a happy smile spread over his face. He had solved the riddle. He would jump from the bridge, All his surroundings told of the fame and fortune which awaited such a deed, Yes, he would jump, and at once. Several "anothers" followed in rapid succession, and, accompanied by his faithful friend, he started for what he thought was to be the foundation of his fortune. Not a word of his intentions did he speak to Yost. When the bridge entrance was reached he easily prevailed upon Yost to walk across for seeing the Bowery costs money, and the funds of the couple had decreased in an alarm

funds of the couple had decreased in an alarming manner.

"Lesh stop a minute," said Schuler when they had reached the middle of the bridge.

"What for t" asked Yost.

Schuler did not reply. He was gazing unsteadily far out into the dark night. Visions of his name printed in the newspapers and of fat offers of dime museum managers passed before his dazzled imagination.

"I'm going to jump," he finally said to his companion.

"I'm I'll You are!" gasped Yost.

companion.
"T'ell you are!" gasped Yost.
Schuler's only reply was an indignant look.
The bridge appeared deserted. In the distance the sylphike form of a policeman slowly moved. A clock in Brooklyn struck the hour of 2. Both cities almost a sylphic sylph

A clock in Brookiya struck the hour of 2. Both cities slumbered.

"Come on," shouted Schuler, jumping over the rail and lowering himself to the track, whence he crossed to the north driveway.

"Hully gee! Hold on dere, you stuff," shouted Yost, as he hurriedly followed his companion.

"Hold on nothing! I'm going to oo it," said the fame seeker, alamming his hat in the road and jumping on it. "De next time I wear a lid it won't be a dicer, he continued.

"Say, Gus, forget it, exclaimed Yost in alarm as coat and vest followed the hat.

"Say, if you don't want to see me, why, get seldomer. See! I'm going to do it," shouted Schuler, lowering his suspenders and jumping on the top rail. on the top rail.

"Stop it, you damn fool! Help! Police! Murder! Cheese it, Gus!" shouted Yost at the top of his voice. "Come back," he continued, but a kick from a rapidly moving foot laid him low in the road and for a moment stopped his inter-

the road and for a moment stopped his intervention.

"Dead easy thing. Never thought it was so easy," muttered Schuler, gazing down at the inky water. "Hell! forgot to notify the papes," he continued. "Never mind; see 'em in the morning. Oh, Fame! how long and black is the path that leads to you. You slone— Lemme go, lemme go, you slobster; lemme go, 'and he made a pass at Yost, who had grabbed him by the trousers. Off they came, and clad only in his shirt the would-be jumper started to leap.

"Help! Murder! He's going! Hang on!" shouted Yost, as he frantically grabbed the kicking legs of the howling aspirant for fame.

"Lemme go! Lemme go! Hell, lemme go! came from the doubled up and struggling figure. "Lemme jump!"

Alas for the ambitions and glories of a minute before. Foliceman Ryder heard the frantic

Alas for the ambitions and glories of a minute before. Policeman Ryder heard the frantic calls for help and manfully responded. Together he and Yost hauled at the bare legs.

"Heave," shouted Ryder.
"Heave," echoed Yost.
"Hell! Lemme go," yelled Schuler.
At last, with a long heave and a good heave, the combined forces landed Schuler on the driveway. In a second he had broken away and was making for the railing. Again they hauled

driveway. In a second he had broken away and was making for the railing. Again they hadled him back, and after much trouble succeeded in putting on his tronsers. Then began a struggle between the rescuers and Schuler. The latter fought to get away, and it was all the rescuers could do to drag him to the bringe police station, wherein he was haled proclaiming his objections in loud and powerful language. With not hought of the feelings of the aspirant for fame, the serge in ordered him locked up. He was left alone to think of the giories which, when seemingly so near, had escaped his eager grasp, and to sober up.

"I have tried to reform him," the complainant said. "but can't do it. When be gets drunk, which is nearly every night, he comes home, smashes the furniture, beats father and mother and threatens to kill them. I have had him sent to the Island several times, but it does no

"That's not true, Judge," spoke up the prisoner. "This man calumulates my character. My reputation is good, as you can see by this

My reputation is good, as you can see by this recommendation," and he pulled a letter out of his bocket and handed it to Magistrate Wentworth.

"Why, this is from the penitentiary," said the Magistrate, after reading it.

"Just so," answered the prisoner. "I was there see crait times,"

"Well, it is a rather queer place to get a recommendation from, and I scarcely think it would secure you a position in any bank in the city. It I were you, I'd keep it under cover, the Magistrate rejoined.

The complainant said his brother was a good accountant, and he was making arrangements to send him to San Francisco.

"Why not send him to the Klondike!" suggested the Magistrate. "Oh, he'd starre there," was the answer.

The prisoner was fined \$10, which he could

Kentucky War on Insurance Companies. LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 15. State Insurance Commissioner Comingore declares that he will not have one unsound insurance company doing business in the State. The Commissioner notidiscovery, after the excursionists began to crowd | fied twelve assessment companies some time fled twelve assessment companies some time ago of a statute that requires their policies to abow on their face exactly what could be expected from them in case of death as compared with the amount for which they really call. Now that the companies have had time to comply with this statute, the Commissioner has called on the twelve companies to produce policies not irrejerly drafted will have their licenses revoked.

Found Dead in Juniper Swamp.

NEWTOWN, L. L. Aug. 15 .- A party of men and boys gathering huckleberries in Juniper Swamp, back of this village, this afternoon came upon the body of a man lying in the centre of the swamp. A basket half full of berries was lying beside it. Coroner Haslem was notified and he cent after the body. It was impossible to recognize it when it reached Skeleton's mergue in this place. The condition of the body indicates that it must have been lying in the swamp about four days.

Haby Dozed with Paregoric and Abandoned Henry Hyland and his wife while on their way to their home at 161 Sheffield avenue Brookien, about midnight on Saturday night found a four-months old female bety wrapped up in a blanket in an open lot in Sheffield ave-mental Atlantic. They carried the wolf to the Liberty avenue police station. When the blanket had been removed there was a strong odor of targoric, showing that the babe had been heavily desay with the drug. The baby was placed in care of the city nurse.

Stolen Copper Wire Recovered

Some time on Saturday night thieves cut lown the feed wire along the Staten Island Electric Company - line on Castleton avenue, New Brighton. About 500 pounds of copper wire way stolen. James Bannon, James Sulli-van, and Daniel Shechan of New Brighton were arrested, and the wire was recovered in the

Pealital of the Platidentsche Volksfest Verete. nd Virginia, fair; cooler, southerly winds, becoming The Plattdeutsche Volksfest Verein opened its twenty-third annual festival yesterday at Schuetzen Park in Union Hill, N. J. Over 10, 000 persons visited the park during the day.

Sightseers are welcome. A looker to-day may mean buyer to-morrow.

And to-day you can look into the future-our fall and winter clothes are ready.

If you leave your measure, you can buy from wherever you live; next month or next year. Clothes, shoes, hats and furfather and grandfather.

Your money back if you want it.

Prince and Broadway. Warren and Broadway. Thirty-second and Broadway.

Rogers, Peet & Co.

LABOR LEADERS HOUNDING HER? Business Women's Club. A dispute between Miss Florence Fairview

A dispute between Miss Florence Fairview, a woman labor organizer, and Mrs. Charlotte Nau, who were interested in the management of the "Business Women's Club" or "Home," was to have been ventilated at the meeting of the Central Labor Union yesterday. Both women were present at the meeting, having applied to the Committee on Visitors for the privilege of the floor. The committee reached no decision concerning the matter, however, and will not report until next Sunday.

Mrs. Nau says that Miss Fairview confided to her her plans for starting a home to elevate workingwomen. Mrs. Nau thought the idea a good one, and agreed to lend Miss Fairview \$80, all her savings, to help carry it out. Miss Fairview gave her a note for the money, and the home was opened at 203 West Fourteenth street. Mrs. Nau says that Miss Fairview set a good table at first, but that business dwindled, and that finally she and the other boarders were reduced to bread and coffee as a steady diet.

An excursion in aid of the Business Women's Club was then planned, and was to have taken place on Saturday. Mrs. Nau was on hand with twenty-four men and women, but the excursion did not come off, although 7,000 tiekets for it had been printed. Mrs. Nau was very angry, and said that she had been defrauded by Miss Fairview. Miss Fairview was restored. The room. Mrs. Cambridge and sent the four of the coor. Mrs. Cambridge and sent the fair in the place except herself and the coor. Mrs. Cambridge and sent the fair in the place and sent the workingwomen. Mrs. Nau thought the idea a good one, and agreed to lend Miss Fairview \$80, all her savings, to help carry it out. Miss Fairview gave her a note for the money, and the home was opened at 203 West Fourteenth street. Mrs. Nau says that Miss Fairview set a good table at first, but that business dwindled, and that finally she and the other boarders were reduced to brend and coffee as a steady dist.

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"They did not come out openly so that I could defend myself," she said. "It is a case of persecution simply because I am a woman. I have

defend inyself," she said. "It is a case of persecution simply because I am a woman. I have given up years of life to help the working people, and these men have folled all my efforts by anonymous letters. One man even circulated report against my character. When I planned the excursion, which would have put the home on a good financial footing, the same mon sent anonymous letters to the labor people warning them against it. I saw that it would not be a success on this account and postponed it."

ONLY GAVE HIM \$25 A YEAR.

Aged Isnish Disborough Secks to Recover Mi

Property from His Daughter. TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 15 .- Isaiah Disborough of Bordentown transferred all his property, amounting to about \$20,000, to his married daughter, Anna M. Thomas, about four years ago, with an understanding, he says, that she would pay him the yearly proceeds and re-transfer it on demand. Now she refuses, and Disberough has begun suit to recover.

Disborough some years ago married his second Distorough some years ago married his second wife. Because of his refusal to live in style there was trouble, and later on, after Distorough alleged that his wife had attempted to poison him, they separated. Mrs. Distorough was tried and acquitted of the poisoning charge, and then began suit for divorce and alimony. It was then that Distorough transferred his property to his daughter. The suit failed, and a year or solater Mrs. Distorough died. Distorough then asked his daughter to retransfer his property, but she refused.

WHEELED ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

and Will Now Hunt Gold. SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15.-Two lads from Pawneket, R. I., came into town yesterday on their wheels, having ridden clear across the country. They are Walter J. Burchell, aged 19, and Thomas Massey, aged 18. One had never been west of New York and the other had never been out of Rhode Island. They have a vivid appreriation now of what "America" means.

Burchell intends to spend the winter in Trinity county, having started out in the world to seek his fortune. Massey will go with him. Their fastest time was 103 a iles in one day in New York State. They were detained in Ution three days by heavy rains, and in the moist State of lowathry had to carry their bikesover the black loam roads, where the wheels would not turn. East of Onisha they put up at hotels; west of that point they comped out.

They only carried forty pounds of baggage. Their canteons on their backs were cheerful companions in the desert. Once they were chased by wolves, and in Nevada tramps releved Burchell of his cap, revolver, and money while he slept. The boys sind from the summit of the Sierras with sagebrush draws behind them. Now they are going to hunt gold in California's hills. They are off for Trinity awheel. Burchell intends to spend the winter in Trinity

Will Not Recognize the New York Ladies. PERRY, Oklahoma, Aug. 15 .- The Grand Chaper of the Order of the Eestern Star of Oklahoma and the Indian Territories, which has been in session here for a few days, has decided not to recognize the Eastern Star Ladies of New York State, for the reason that the New York lodges use McCoy's ritual. Two hundred women dele-

Alleged Counterfetter Nabbed at Hoboken A man who said his name was William Moran was arrested in Hobeken last night as a counterfeiter. The police say he had fourteen spurious one-dullar pieces in his possession and was caught trying to pass one on a saloun keeper.

The Weather.

There was a storm control yesterday over northern Michigan. It was moving clowly northeastward, causing cloudy and showery conditions from Minue-sota eastward over the lake States to the New England and moddle Atlantic coasts. Fair weather pre-valled quite generally in the Southern States and west of the Mississippi. An area of high pressure was moving down from

the extreme Northwest with cooler weather.

In this city the day was partly cloudy, with a shower in the early a craing and a thunder shower in the evening which developed to the west of the city and moved northeast. Highest official temperature all , lowest 73 ; average bumidity, a3 per cen wind south, average velocity 12 miles an hour; barometer corrected to read to sea level, at S A. M. 29.06: 3 P. M. 29.91 The thermometer at the United States Weather Bu-

reau registered the temperature yesterday as follows
 W A. M.
 75.
 74.
 6 P. M.
 79.
 72.

 2 M.
 70.
 70.
 9 P. M.
 74.
 71.

 3 P. M.
 88.
 70.
 13 Mid.
 78.
 70.
 WASHINGTON PORNCAST FOR MONDAY.

For New England and eastern New York, thunder storms, severe in some localities; cooler; southwest

For eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, fair in the morning, with prospects of thunder storms in the afternoon; fair Tuesday; southwesterly gales, become ing northwesterly. For the District of Columbia, Maryland, Delaware.

northwesterly. For western Pennsylvania and western New York, fair, precaded by showers on the lakes; cooler; high southwesterly winds, becoming northwesterly,

SHE STOPPED THE FIGHT.

MRS. CAMBRIDGE SHOT TWO OF THE MEN WHO WERE IN IT.

They Had Been Drinking all Night in Her Saloen, and When They Hegan the Raw in the Marning and Wouldn't Stop She Shot,

She Says, in Self-Defence-One Man Willimse The row that wound up the regular week end drinking bout at Mary Cambridge's saloon on Jamaica avenue, Finshing, yesterday morning was the worst that the place has known. The men in the upper part of the house got into a fight and before it had been useded the crowd at the bar had started in. Mrs. Cambridge, tired ont, went down to restor- quiet, and, as the mendidn't stop fighting, she shot two of them. One of the men is dying and the other has r

On Saturday evening the usual crowd collected at the saloon. In the rooms up stairs were several parties of men, and in the bar, on the ground floor, were two or three groups of younger men. They arrived early in the even-ing, and by the time the front door was closed and the place estensibly shut up for the night all of the men were well under the influence of

The drawing of the curtains did not stop the drinking, however. The pay-day celebration nishings for the boy of 3, his legal closing hour. As the night progressed there were several disputes. These were settled with only the usual amount of bickering and cursing, and in the main the night was quiet and peaceful. It was a o'clock yesterday morning before there was a row that attracted any notice. It was in one of the upper rooms. The combatants made a racket that stilled the drinkers in the barroom, who strained their ears to catch the sounds of battle. They heard, a few minutes later, three sounds such as a large stone makes when it falls into deep water. Then there was silence. By those sounds and the succeeding silence they knew that some one in authority had taken a part in the row. Those at the bar returned to their congenial drinking. Mrs. Cambridge peeped into the bar a short time later. She had been up all night and was tired, and looked it. Then she went up stairs again.

was arrested. Others may be taken in charge by the police.

Mrs. Cambridge admits the shooting, but says that she did it in self-defence. She says that the shooting had begun to throw glasses at her, and, believing that she was in danger, she drew the revolver, which was of 32 calibre, and fired.

Coroner Clapp went to the hospital and took Cleary's ante-morten statement. Cleary said that Mrs. Cambridge came downstairs and without any provocation opened fire upon him and the others standing in the barroom.

Shortly after making this statement Cleary became unconscious and has remained in that condition ever since.

WANT DR. WHITSITE TO RESIGN. Rentucky Buptists Object to the Views Mo Printed in an Encyclopedia.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 15 .- The fight against or. Whitsitt. President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, because he said in an article in a recently published encyclopedia that English Baptists practised sprinkling until 1641. waxes in bitterness. At the Daviess County Bantist Association yesterday, by a vote of 96

to 12, the following resolution was adopted: "We are not prepared to recommend any oral or financial support of the seminary on the part of this body under the present managenent. We cannot recommend that any kind of support be given said institution until Dr. Whitsitt is retired from it entirely, nor until some assurance is given by the Board of Trustees of a willingness to put the seminary under the actual control of the denomination so soon as it can be done without jeopardizing the property

bis daughter to retransfer his property, but are refused.

It was from the Pentlentiary and Bidn't Bo Bim Much Good.

It william Donovan of 334 East Twentieth street appeared as complainant in the Yorkville street appeared as complainant in the Yorkville nearly seventy years old.

bis daughter to retransfer his property, but are refused.

In his bill he says the daughter allowed him but \$25 a year, and has been concerting some of his scourifies into money. Vice-Chancellor Grey granted an order restraining Mrs. Thomas from the Schelby county association yesterday also adopted a resolution expressing the opinion that the was not a suitable man to continue to the sominary, and requesting his removal, the head of the opposition to Dr. Whitsit seems to be the Western Recorder and its editor, the Rec. Dr. Eaton, whose sun under an assumed name, has contributed several articles, purporte seminary, and requesting his removal, lead of the opposition to Dr. Whitstit seems the Western Recorder and its editor, the Dr. Eaton, whose sun, under an assumed, has contributes evernlarticles, purportible written by a Methodist, declaring that ing to be written by a Methodist, declaring that Dr. Whitslitt had given up the doctrine of im-mersion. Dr. Whitslitt declares that he will not Two Rhode Island Hoys Beach San Francisco

PRIEST AND PATRIOT DETAINED.

resign.

Both Greeks, One a Returned Warrior, Coo a Penniless Pricat from Havre. Among the steerage passengers on the French

liner La Bretagne, which got in yesterday, was a Greek priest, Papa Theedorus Ekonomos. With him was a tireck, named Deodorus Cotonis, who went from Chicago about five months ago to join the tireck army in Thessaly. The priest gave up a church in Havre to take a hurch in Chicago. The men were taken to the Barge Office. There it was learned that the priest had no money and no ticket to Chicago. The Greek soldier and only \$5. Both were de-tained until their friends in this city can be notified. The priest wore a black robe and his long hair, which fell almost to his waist, was braided in three braids.

Twelve Syrians, who also came over in the steerage of La Bretagne, were detained because they were suspected of being contract laborers. They were all ticketed to Salim Farrer, 88 Brendway, Cleveland. The leader said that, if Salim didn't happen to be at home, they were going to John El Chourl, 204 Pacan street, Sherman, Tex. Each one of the men had \$15. The Greek soldier and only \$5. Both were de-

MRS. VICKERS 100 YEARS OLD.

She Walks as Straight as Any of Her Indian Ancestors-Her Big Family.

Oxford, Mass., Aug. 15,-Mary Curless Vickers to-morrow will celebrate her one hundredth birthflay at the home of her grandson, Olin Vickers, in this town. Four generations of her descendants will be present. Mrs. Vickers was born in Smithfield, R. I. Both her parents was born in Smithfield, R. I. Both her parents were of Indian origin. Her father, Christopher Curless, died at the age of 101. He was blind for the greater portion of his life, but recovered ins sight when 160 years old. Mrs. Vickers was merried when 17 years old and has had 11 children, 6 sons and 5 daughters. There have been born 50 grands hidden, 175 great-grandchildren, and 150 great-grandchildren. The oldest living child is 77 years old. Mrs. Vickers atands as straight as an arrow, walks with ease, and hears without the least difficulty. She has been a church member eighty-five years and has taken sunt for seventy years.

Alleged Brooklyn Bicycle Thief Arrested. Benjamin Prince, 20 years old, of 262 Cheste out street, was arrested in Brooklyn on Saturday night while riding a bleycle belonging to Robert L. Dezendorf of 2092 Dean street, which had seen stolen on July 26 from a stable in the neighborhood,

The Aladdin Puts Into Halifax for Coal. HALIFAN, Aug. 15.-The Norwegian steames Maddin, Capt. Schyat, from Hong Kong for

New York, put in to day short of coal. Her lash port of call was Algiers. After coaling she will proceed. The Aladdin has a general cargo, with a large quantity of jute. Coach Wrecked by Cable Car. John Tummy of 2151 Bergen street, Brooklyn. while driving a coach across Third avenue at

Forty-second street yesterday was run into by a Third avenue cable car. He was knocked from his seat and the coach was wrecked. FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.

Special Bargains. Po'ished Oak Chiffoniers, \$6.50.